

I see your five year old face turned up to me
full of trust for the provision of an urgent need —
it was the same in that small moment film caught —
and in the later years
touching the ragged edges of your searching
and threading the fibre of their dreams back to you.

Tell me, is your new mother
so understanding?

Rory Harris

WAITING FOR WORK

we live on promises
handshakes & free drinks

it's never a three course meal
high risers surround us

developers push through the roof of the sky
we plant gardens in our mouths

& pay the rent with a smile